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Can Naughty Things Be Nice ? ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

A Sunbeam For All!

By

Clara Harwood

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by Clara Harwood



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Persuaded by my friends to think
I'm something of a poet,
I find myself upon the brink
Of fame; before I know it
My book is published! Story told!
And the few thoughts that I cherish,
Are with the people, to be sold;
Will I survive, or perish?

A little sunbeam, now and then,
Though it comes from a woman's pen,
 May give some heart delight.
A little sunbeam, in its way,
Adds luster to each passing day
 If it is seen aright.

PREFACE.

From the collection of titles suggested for this work, the one most attractive was selected, with a twofold purpose ever in mind. A means of reaching many who, through a more serious channel, would never be awakened to an interest in my efforts; and while reaping personal gain, send out some light and truth abroad. "If thy brother would ask bread" of thee, wouldst thou "give him a stone?" No! But in this modest little book the bread of life will be given to many who, through above-named title (*Can Naughty Things Be Nice?*) looked for stone. A Sunbeam of *hope*, perhaps, to some weary traveler on the "broad highway," that may take root in the heart and work out good results.

A word of love is presented, also, to the sweetheart, and one of warning to the friend. A lullaby for the young mother, who sings her first-born to rest, and a word of encouragement to every weary soul from childhood to old age. Spurred on by a desire almost beyond control, I have attempted a little word of cheer to every reader, and to the best friend of my life—Mrs. A. J. Roche, Cleveland, Ohio—dedicated the whole. A venture indeed, in this century of great and gifted writers, but if, in the simplicity portrayed, a little joy may come to you—my readers—and some small reward to me, my efforts will not all have been in vain.

A sunbeam gleams upon you here,
And if you will drink in
The light of Gospel truth, you'll find
A remedy for sin.

C. S. H.

CAN NAUGHTY THINGS BE NICE?

Impossible! I hear you say.
It never can be true.
A naughty thing cannot be nice
For anyone to do.

Amusement can't be found, you think,
In anything that's wrong,
Because you don't know where to look
To find the merry throng.

The road is broad that leads to sin,
The paths diverge at will;
And though man's conscience doth condemn,
Too oft he says "be still."

The pleasures of the world are such,
Too oft he goes astray,
And spite of all the thorns and briars
He takes the wicked way.

"It's naughty, but it's nice," he says;
It's sinful, but it's joy.
I'll take this road a little while,
And fear shall not annoy.

My friends all go this way, and it
Brings greatest joy to them.
Oh! I'd be lost to all the world
Should I this road condemn.

And thus man drifts, from day to day,
On down the path of sin;
Temptations on all sides surround,
And beckon him within.

The light seems brightest in the place
Where evil holds full sway,
And foolish fancy turns awhile
From Heavenly light away.

The sinful pleasures of the world
Allure on every side;
The tempter leads, and man goes on
Down with the drifting tide.

It's naughty, but it's nice. Oh, yes!
But what will be the end?
The world will never satisfy,
Nor will its laws defend.

The world will never give man rest,
Nor any lasting joy;
And there's but one life, after all,
That time will not destroy.

One road that man can walk aright,
One "straight and narrow way,"
That reaches out of earth to Heaven,
Into the perfect day.

"Delay is dangerous," we are told,
And yet how many wait
And linger just outside the fold,
And finally miss the gate.
"Delay is dangerous," we all know,
And yet how many say—
A little longer, ere I go,
And finally miss the way!

TO MY READERS.

While talking with a friend, one day,
A new desire came o'er me,
An inspiration filled my soul
Which I now lend to poetry.
A thousand times I'd thought of it,
But never, never did it seem
So like a passion as 'twas then,
To me so dear, so sweet a dream.
I remember well the time and place,
And all the words of praise
She lavished on the first attempts
I'd made to her in former days.
The words of cheer that led me on
To begin a new career.
The hope that prompted me to try
Upon that glad New Year.
How we discussed the many subjects
Poets write on, old and new,
And how I thought of *love* as best,
And all that I desired to do.
Oh! I wanted to write something
That would differ from the few
Who are gifted in composing,
Something natural! Something new!
And yet—with all my fond desire;
I found so soon my words were weak.
For love is felt; not spoken;
Could I, then, dare to speak?
Since God created man,
It has been felt in all the earth.
In every heart, in every home,
Instilled in all, from birth.
It is a power that rules the world,
And makes the home complete.
Love brings the sinner to his God
In penitence, replete.

All classes feel the joy of love;
God's children, every one.
And yet—who can define it?
No mortal man! It can't be done.
I did not attempt it, reader;
I made no effort to explain;
Since thinking well upon the theme,
I felt that I must here refrain.
But I found some other subjects,
Sweet and simple; pure and true.
And upon them all, my fancy
Led me on; till I reached you.
And the few that I have chosen
Are the ones that I think best,
For my readers' kind attention;
Will you put them to the test?

TO EACH AND ALL OF MY READERS.

May "The New Year," upon you now,
Have some rich joy in store,
Of love and peace, and sweet content,
You've never known before.

I wish you all the gifts of earth;
Prosperity, and wealth;
Success, in every walk in life,
And most of all, good health.

Ambition, like the "Morning Star,"
Illuminates the way
To fame; and leads the traveler out
Of darkness, into day.

A burning fire, that will not quench,
While in the heart one spark
Of hope remains; one little ray
Of sunlight, in the dark.

Ambition will not die ; nor sleep.
Nor will it count the cost.
The aim at heart must be attained ;
Or life's whole day is lost.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.
MAN TAKES NO PART.

"Old Father Time" treads on his way.
And the years fade, one by one,
And die.
With measured step ; through night and day,
He's traveled on ; since God begun
His work on high.

From the creation ; down the years
He comes ; and mortal *man*
Bows to his will.
Regardless of his hopes or fears,
Of any fond desire or plan ;—
Man cannot still—

Nor lull to rest ; one passing hour.
The seasons, in their turn appear,
And thus depart,
While time goes on ; and without power
To hasten or delay one year—
Man takes no part.

The morning of his life doth end
Like as the springtime ; and the light
Of *noon*—
Like summer flowers ; doth only *lend*
A passing fragrance to the *night*,
That comes so soon.

THE BIRTH OF TWIN BROTHERS.

Two little "Buds" of light
Have blossomed in the home to-day ;
Two little cherubs, fair
As any God ev'r gave away.

Two little boys, to grow,
As blossoms do, before they die ;
Two little minds to train
For the great future, "by and by."

OLD MOTHER EARTH.

Earth has so many ways of being fair,
So many things of beauty to admire ;
A robe of green, through certain months to wear,
So beautiful, the eye could never tire.

In spring she seems to waken, as from sleep ;
All nature seems to live each year anew.
The trees bring forth new buds ; and daisies peep
From out their hiding places into view.

From April to September, dressed in green,
Earth is most lovely ; and yet, when we behold
The dull, rich coloring of an *autumn* scene,
There is a charm that "May" did not unfold.

In the gay tints of the last dying leaves
There is a *solemn* beauty to be found
That is not seen in springtime, which relieves
The sameness that would otherwise abound.

And when sleep comes ; so perfect in its way,
We have a season beautiful and bright.
There's nothing like a cold December day,
When nature is adorned in purest white.

The ground and trees, all covered with the snow,
And drops of frozen water here and there
Present another picture; and doth show
The earth has many ways of being fair.

WHERE IS THE ROSE?

In the garden, and the home;
At the wedding, and the tomb,
The rose, in all its beauty, can be found.
At the feast of joy it blooms,
And in death, the sweet perfumes
Are wafted on the air to all around.

WHERE ARE THE SOLDIERS?

Oh, no! You cannot always tell
How brave a man is when he's well;
What he would do if called upon
To suffer as some men have done.

The chances are that he who claims
To be a soldier; and who blames
Some other man for being weak,
Would be, in trouble, first to speak—

His "tale of woe"; and to complain
In time of illness, and of pain;
In time of death, the first to show
His weakness, and his fear to go.

The last to say, "Thy will be done,"
Though he had preached to every one
Of his great strength; in his last day,
The weakest when God calls away.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood, life sometimes seems a burden,
And many times we weep,
And wonder, too, why there is so much sorrow ;
And finally—fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood, we groped on in the darkness ;
In silence shed our tears
Of deep regret ; because we lived so surely,
Through all those weary years,
Not understood.

THE LILY.

A flower of rare beauty and light
Is the Lily ; as pure, and as white
As the snow, that falls from above.
A flower without fragrance, but sweet ,
In form and design, as complete
As any one gift of God's love.

OUR BABY DEAR.

A little Cherub, sweet and fair
As ever child could be,
Was sent one day from Heaven above,
From God's own Hand, to me.

A little blue-eyed angel,
Too fair almost for earth ;
And yet, we had no thought of fear,
Since God had given him birth.

He was our own ; and new light dawned
Upon us all that day ;
For he was our first-born ; and we
Thought he had come to stay.

My husband was the first—
To speak aloud his joy;
And all the folks at home
Came in to see the "Baby Boy."

To each and all of us he seemed
A treasure from on high;
And, strange as it doth now appear,
We never thought that he could die.

Sweet little "Baby Dear!"
We loved him far too well.
God gave—and took away again;
The reason—who can tell?

Sweet Baby Dear! I'll n'er forget
The grief that filled my heart
When the death angel forced his way,
And I knew that we must part.

The world grew dark again; before
His days had numbered seven,
Our Baby Dear had gone—
Back to his home in Heaven.

TO A LOST FRIEND.

A little while
We wandered down the "stream of life"
Together; you and I.

A little while
The way was smooth; and side by side
We wandered, you and I

A little while
The waters flowed serenely on
Beside us—"you and I."

A little while
The sun did shine; and all the day
Was bright, for "you and I."

A little while
The flowers bloomed, and nature smiled
Upon us—"you and I."

A little while
The sky was clear; and full of joy
We wandered, "you and I."

* * * * *

A little while
And all was changed; the sun did shine
No more, for "you and I."

A little while—
The waters ceased to flow; the "stream"
Had died,—for "you and I."

BE PATIENT.

Toil on, oh weary one!
A little longer thou must bear thy cross;
A little longer on life's billows toss,
And then thy work is done.

Watch on, O heavy eyes!
Thou must not sleep until thy day is done,
And thou hast by thy patient efforts won
A home beyond the skies.

Throb on, O aching heart!
Thy day of joy and gladness will soon come;
And you'll be called to follow loved ones home,
When you have done your part.

"A word to the wise is sufficient;"
'Tis only the fool who speaks twice.
Just a thought, expressed in sweet accent,
Will ever in wisdom suffice.

A WORD FOR MY FRIENDS.

Will you just take a little time
 (An hour perhaps—or two)
To read the lines I have addressed
 Especially to you?
It matters not just when, nor where,
 We in the past have met.
If you have been a friend to me,
 I'm sure you'll not forget—
Nor fail me now; when I most need
 A word of hope and cheer;
Oh, Friend of happier days! I'm sure
 You'll look with interest here—
And help me to succeed; to send
 The message far and wide;
'Till sunbeams from my pen fall short,
 And every home is well supplied.
To each and all I look the same—
 In the north, south, east and west.
And hope to be regarded now
 As in the days when blest—
With all that heart can wish,
 With loved ones far too dear
To mention, and prosperity—
 I cannot dwell on here.
Life is another story now;
 The world don't seem the same
As it did then; but I believe
 When you see here my name—
I'll be content. The manuscript,
 O'er which I dreamed so long,
Will—ere that time—be published,
 In one brief, simple song.
The lines of love, and hope, and joy,
 All blended in one theme.
Can Naughty Things Be Nice? For all
 I hope a *glad* Sun-Beam.

FRIENDSHIP.

A perfect union of two hearts
Is sometimes seen in life.

A friendship that is truly real,
Devoid of any strife.

A lasting love, sweet to behold.
Affection; that is true
In grief and joy alike, the same,
But only with a few.

A perfect unity of thought,
Sometimes indeed we find;
But the friendship that is common,
Is quite another kind.

Ardent, while the daylight lingers,
And all the world looks bright;
But as the sunlight fades and dies,
So friendship dies with night.

When the storm gathers at our door;
And darkness reigns within,
We wonder where our friends have gone,
And think—"What might have been."

ETERNAL LIFE.

"In the midst of life we are in death."
Our sweetest joy is mingled with some sorrow,
Either past or present, and we live
Uncertain as to what may come to-morrow.

In the midst of pleasure there is pain;
And there will be, on unto the end of time.
Since Eve tempted Adam in the Garden,
There has been suffering; there has been death and
crime.

Since the forbidden fruit was tasted,
The world has been full of sin, and grief, and pain.
Like Adam and Eve, we all must die;
But God has promised, "We may all live again."

He tells us of a "Life Eternal,"
Where sorrow never enters, nor grief, nor pain;
A home of sweet peace, and perfect rest;
A Heaven! and all who will may enter in.

A NEW DAY IS BORN.

Marconi tells us he has found
A way for you and me
To send, without the need of wires,
Quick news across the sea.

He tells us, by the use of kites
Sent up into the air,
Or a mast two hundred feet in height,
Word will go anywhere.

The world may doubt and wonder on,
Competitors may scorn,
But if Marconi's statement's true,
A new day now is born.

A new light dawns upon the world,
A new faith there will be,
Before midsummer comes again,
In electricity.

A child to-day! To-morrow grown
Almost beyond control!
A few more years, and we shall see
Word sent from pole to pole.

Long live Marconi! And the rest
Who have advanced, we know,
The life of this new infant, born
Such a short time ago.

A LIFE-LONG REGRET.

There's a light once more in the window;
A woman sits waiting alone;
Just beside her a babe lies sleeping,
In a cradle of softest down.

With no sound to disturb his slumbers,
The fond mother weeps out her woe,
And, alone, waits on in the shadows,
Gently rocking him to and fro.

Not a sigh, nor murmur, escapes her;
But the lines so deep in her face,
Tell a story of grief and suffering,
A passing observer might trace.

A story of love, that is lacking,
In the home where she is now queen;
A sorrow for one she rejected,
And regret for "what might have been."

Regret, for the one who was worthy
A life-time of trouble and care;
Regret for the heart she has broken,
And the dream of her youth, so fair.

The dream once so sweet, ne'er forgotten
In all the long, wearisome years,
Since for wealth she made the surrender
That changed all her joy into tears.

And now, while she sits in the splendor
Of wealth and abundance untold—
Her cup of ambition o'erfloweth,
But the blood in her heart runs cold.

The light still burns on in the window;
But the woman who waits alone—
Lives only for him who lies sleeping,
In *his life* her sin to atone.

THE TWO SISTERS.

"Our Topsy" is not a real beauty!
A stranger would not call her fair;
But the few who have known well, and loved her,
Find in the world none to compare.

In figure, she is not perfection;
Nor in feature, pretty, like Lou;
But the joy in her heart beameth brightly
On all alike, constant and true.

The light in her eye never faileth;
To all alike her will doth bend;
And while Lou's beauty weakens and fadeth,
Hers will live on to the end.

Did you ever write a story?
A poem, or a song?
Did you ever long for glory?
Or would you think it wrong
To trespass on the precious time
Of every friend you see?
Oh, tell me not it is a crime;
Just think, just think of me.

HER I LOVE.

If the eye be the window of the soul,
I do not need to look into the *life*

Of her I love.

One glance into those heavenly orbs, and all
The spirit of an angel doth appear,

In her I love.

If the eye be the window of the soul,
I do not ask to look into the *heart*

Of her I love.

One glance reveals the truth, and those bright stars
Of azure blue, for *me*—will ever shine,

In her I love.

FAITH.

Where "Faith" dwells in the heart

There is no need of fear ;

There is a blessed thought

That God is ever near.

His "Word" has thrown a light

On all that we would know ;

According to our "Faith,"

He will His wonders show.

As we believe and trust,

His power we shall see ;

For He hath said—"Have Faith!"

"There's nought too hard for me."

Ask what ye will in "Faith,"

It shall be given you.

There is no doubt at all,

His promises are true.

"Have Faith! Believe in God!"
Trust Him in all things, too,
Who sent His Son to die,
Just to save me—and you.

Trust Him! He will reveal
What now seems mystery
Some time; and you shall live
Through all eternity.

HOPE OF A CHRISTIAN.

The "Star of Hope" shines brightly;
The night gives way to dawn.
I think to-day more lightly
Of sorrows past and gone.

My heart, once filled with sadness,
Is now as full of joy.
I feel to-day a gladness
No mortal can destroy.

It comes of God! From Heaven!
This joy so new to me.
With other blessings given,
I'd somehow failed to see.

To-day I feel new pleasure,
For "Hope" has come indeed;
Sweet Hope; The greatest treasure
God sends to one in need.

"What is home without a mother?"
Where will man find such a friend?
Where could he look for another
Who will every sin defend?

CHARITY, OR LOVE.

On Hope, we live; by Faith, we see,
And there is then left Charity,
 The greatest of the three.
Or "Love," as it is better known,
For without Love, there would be shown
 But little Charity.

Sweet love of God! Sweet Charity!
Without which Faith or Hope would be
 But little gain to thee.
To others we must kindness show,
On those in need we must bestow,
 If the reward we see.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity," are three
Great subjects, all will agree,
 For thought—for you and me.
Like sisters, they go hand in hand;
The three combined will ever stand;
 The greatest,—"Charity."

GIFT OF LOVE AND ROSES.

"The roses are red" that I send you to-day,
And my heart goes with them to you.
The rest of the story you learned long ago,
And this time the roses may do.

Real roses, as red as the lips of "My Love,"
As sweet, perhaps, too, while they last;
Oh, will you enjoy the sweet perfume once more,
And think of my love in the past?

The roses will change ere they wither and die;
The leaves will drop off one by one;
But the love that goes with them is ever the same,
And will be, till life's work is done.

'TIS JUNE—THE TIME FOR BRIDES AND
ROSES.

The month of June
Once more is here;
The air is filled with sweet perfume;
The robin's song
Is heard again,
And all the roses are in bloom.

The month of brides
It has been called;
The month of brides and roses, too;
The time of all
The year the best
For lovers to begin anew.

The month of June,
Once more indeed;
God pity one who cannot see
In Nature now
A heavenly charm,
Since earth more perfect could not be.

The fields nor flowers
More beautiful,
Than they are now, this bright June day;
And while we can,
Let us enjoy,
Since 'tis but thirty days to stay.

Look on the bright side!
Make life a joy!
In God's love abide;
All fear destroy.

Look on the bright side!
Be of good cheer!
All trace of sorrow hide;
In this glad new year.

THE SACRIFICE.

Born of the same parents,
Reared in same home,
Two brothers reached the age of twenty-one.
The love in mother's heart
The same for both,
And for their comfort, everything was done.

The one was tall, and dark,
The other fair.
Unlike, in every feature, and in form;
In disposition, too;
And yet their *hearts*
Alike seemed pure, and no one felt alarm.

They were like other boys,
Indulged in all
The loving parents could on them bestow;
And till they were sent out
Into the world
The mother's tears had little cause to flow.

The eldest was her pride,
And yet she *loved*,
As mothers do, the one who felt most need;
The one who caused most pain;
And, spite of all,
Her wisdom and advice, the last to heed.

The younger of the two
In this sad case,
And all the love was wasted, since 'twas *he*
Who went astray; and brought
Upon the home
Disgrace, despite the prayers at mother's knee.

Who could foresee in youth,
In one so fair,
A nature full of selfishness and sin?
Who could have looked upon
The two small boys
In childhood; and have judged the heart within?

Who then could feel the blow
As mother did,
When the great crime was laid at her son's door?
Who but the wife and child,
Could feel the shame?
Who but the brother could their joy restore?

Who else could bear the blame
As well as he?
And, like the soldier he had ever been,
Came quickly to the front,
And in sweet tones
Exclaimed, I'll go, and bear my brother's sin!

To spare the wife and child,
I'll take upon
Myself this crime, that brother may remain
In harmony with them;
And by his care
Atone for much, ere I come home again.

And thus it came about,
The innocent
Did for the guilty sacrifice his life;
Did wear a crown of shame,
To spare the one
Who had been given the care of child and wife.

* * * * *

Six years of prison life
Have passed away ;
The poor, worn convict is to-day set free.
The doors are open wide,
And he goes forth
With a glad heart, his friends once more to see.

They do not know at home
That I am free ;
I will give them great joy, he says aloud ;
Since 'twas good conduct here
That made my time
Much less, and gives me reason to be proud.

And home he goes at once !
Poor, sick and faint
He wanders on the "old-time" path, alone ;
No friend to give him aid ;
No voice to cheer ;
And when at last he reaches, with a groan,

The open door ; he falls
At brother's feet.
And the poor guilty wretch, whose own deep plot
Has cursed this life so sweet,
Exclaims at once—
"You are a prison bird ! I know you not !"

Great God ! Can any one
But Thy dear Son,
Who has for sinners suffered, bled and died ;
Can any one but Him—
Our blessed Lord—
Feel for this man, who was, like Him, denied ?

Delay is dangerous in this life,
And yet the fool will wait
Till his Sweetheart is another's wife,
Then grumble at his fate.

OUR SERVANTS. THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Our Melinda is not a prize beauty,
A critic would not call her fair;
But to those who have seen her good nature
There's naught in the world to compare.

In her "make-up" she is not a model,
Nor in feature attractive, like Sue;
But the work she "turns off" is tremendous,
While Sue waits for something to do.

In the morning she's up bright and early;
The breakfast all ready by seven;
And our home, so long managed by Susan,
Seems now quite a bit nearer Heaven.

Our little ones are dressed in the morning,
The boys are sent early to school;
Since Melinda has taken possession;
The whole place is governed by rule.

Even Sue "walks the chalk line," as never
She walked it before in her life,
And the work goes on in the household
With no word of complaint or strife.

No! Melinda is not a prize beauty!
But to us she is wondrous fair.
In perfecting our home and our Susan
She has proven a jewel rare.

THEY ARE DEAD.

There was a man who never told a lie.
But he died.
'Twas long, long ago, before you or I
Ever tried
To be truthful or kind.

There was a woman, who never talked dress.
 She's dead, too.
Poor soul, she was dumb, and couldn't express,
 It is true,
What she had in her mind.

RESULT OF OUR SORROWS.

The world moves on
Just in the same old way
 That it has always done.
The sun as bright,
The fields and flowers as gay
 As they have even been.

There is no change
In God's great handiwork,
 Nor in the earth, so fair ;
But in the hearts
Of some of us to-day,
 There is a load of care.

So new, so great,
The whole seems different ;
 Grief seems to fill the air.
The light is gone,
The home is desolate,
 No beauty anywhere.

Earth is the same,
The night is just as clear,
 The day is just as bright,
But we don't see,
Because our sorrows come
 Between us and *the light*.

THANKSGIVING.

Since our great and glorious Lincoln
Set apart for praise and prayer

 This day,

It has never been forgotten,
Though nearly two score years
 Have passed away.

The hallowed custom still prevails,
And this late November day

 Is one

Of praise and thankfulness to God
In every Christian land
 Beneath the sun.

From ancient Israel, down the years,
Increasing in its power

 Along the way,

'Til the whole world has caught the strain
Of the old song of grace, in
 That glad day.

The world hath lifted up her voice,
And the whole nation stops

 Awhile for rest.

The rich and poor, the high and low,
Are gathered in alike to

 The home nest.

For praise and prayer, and feasting, too,
The loved ones do return to

 The old place

Around the family table, where
Dear wife or mother waits

 To offer grace.

With thankful hearts they look upon
The feast that is prepared,
 And there awake
To a full sense of all the joys,
And blessings, too, which of life
 They do partake.

To all the gratitude and praise
That is due their Heavenly King,
 And some *love*,
Must find a place in every heart,
As well as praise, for Him
 Who rules above.

A MOTHER'S MEDITATION.

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
Does he repent and grieve?
Would he come back to the old fireside
If mother would forgive?

Would he find joy in the old home life?
Would the sins that now beset
On every side lose their old charm
If mother would forget?

A LOVER'S EXPRESSION OF JOY.

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing"
My dear Minerva's praise;
A thousand bells to sweetly ring
Her name, in these glad days.
Oh for a thousand years to dwell
By dear Minerva's side,
A thousand tongues to sweetly tell
The joy I cannot hide.

A GIFT OF MY BOOK TO ONE'S SWEET- HEART.

This little book of poetry
I send to you to-day,
To remind you of the "Giver,"
And all that he would say.

The little it contains may please,
And bring to mind the time
When I first thought of writing you
A little word in rhyme.

You will remember, my Sweetheart,
I tried in verse to speak,
But, like this author, you'll observe,
I found that "words were weak."

I'm not a poet, you well know;
I can't express in rhyme
The love I feel; but you—My Own—
Will see it grows, with time.

"Love cannot speak," this writer says,
"But in the heart is felt."
Oh! can you understand my joy,
When at your feet I knelt,

And first confessed my love? When you
Into my eyes did look
With sweet affection? Oh yes! And
When you read this little book

I hope you will find pleasure, Dear,
Because it comes from me;
Because it speaks of love, and hope,
As I now speak to thee.

Accept it! Read it! And find joy!
The sentiment, you'll see,
Is good, and all the words of love
Seem just for you and me.

"It's naughty, but it's nice," man says.
'Tis wrong, but it gives joy,
And, ere he knows, he has become
In his own hands a toy.

His appetite has mastered him,
His self-control is gone,
And, though he sees the narrow way,
He cannot walk alone.

The sin that holds him in its power
Shuts out the heavenly light,
And all the life that he has known
Was by the world made bright.

The trifling pleasures of the hour
Have filled his heart so full,
The love of God has found no place,
And good things have seemed dull.

The "strait and narrow" path was near,
The light shone all around;
But in the naughty things of life
His pleasures had been found.

"It's naughty, but it's nice," he says,
I will indulge once more;
And then I will renounce it all;
Temptations I'll ignore.

Too often has the tempter led,
And you have followed on;
Too often have you promised God
To turn unto His Son.

To give up all the joys you know,
In His sight would be wrong.
Pray leave them *now*, for they'll not bring
Amusement very long.

A Sunbeam gleams upon you here,
And if you will drink in
The words of truth and joy, you'll find
Sure remedy for sin.

LOOK BEYOND.

"It is not all of life to live."
The time allotted man on earth
Is but a stepping-stone from birth
Unto the grave.

A hundred years is but a day!
And the work given to man is where
His duty calls, if he doth care
His soul to save.

It is not all of death to die.
A little pain, and all is o'er;
A man is carried from his door
Unto the grave.

In the transition, *life* begins;
For when to earth he bids adieu
His *soul* goes on, to lie anew
Beyond the grave.

"Be up and doing!"
No time to waste.

"Jesus is calling,
Sinner make haste."

"Be up and doing!"

Be of good cheer.

God will reward you
For what you do here.

A NEW CHRISTIAN'S EXPRESSION OF JOY.

"There's sunshine in my soul" to-day,
The light of God shines in.
The joy of love, and hope, and faith,
Shuts out all thought of sin.

The day seems bright, and I am lost
In sunlight of God's love.
The night no terror brings me now,
Since He my life doth move.

Since "I am His, and He is mine,"
I give up self-control,
Since I can say, "Thy will be done!"
There's sunshine in my soul.

"Familiarity often breeds contempt,"
And the man who knows his friend too well
Sometimes makes a mistake.
The inner nature he had thought so pure,
Exposed to view he can't endure,
And too late he doth awake.

A little while he seemed a friend most dear,
But as they walked together, day by day,
And all their thoughts exchanged,
A weariness crept in the heart, despite
The love and faith and first delight,
And now they are estranged.

No heart so hard, no life so sad
But that a word of kindness
Would touch a tender chord, or
Echo back some long-forgotten joy.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

“Like a diamond
On the index finger of the night”
The star in Bethlehem shone,
And three wise men,
Impelled alike to follow in its light,
Set forth, on separate paths, alone.

In the shadow
Of that glorious starlight all the way
They journeyed on, to find
“The new-born King;”
“The Prince of Peace,” who on that day
Was sent to bless mankind.

With frankincense,
And some precious gifts of myrrh and gold,
They went, prepared to do
Some service to their God;
And when the manger did its tale unfold,
His love, revealed itself anew.

In that picture
Of our Saviour and the three wise men,
The story is all told.
A Son is born.
And Christmas bells of joy, since then,
Have run for young and old.

Christmas gladness
Reigned in every land where God is known;
And to His home above
We send our songs of praise
For the sweet Babe of Bethlehem; His own
Most precious gift of love.

SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME.

Nothing to live for? Oh, say it not again;
Nor spend thy time in tears.
Nothing to hope for? Oh from such thoughts refrain,
'Twill but increase thy fears.

Life is a lesson! To thee a duty's given
That no one else can do;
And as you learn it, according as you've striven,
The blessing will come, too.

Life is a privilege! And though it's dark to-day,
The light too dim to see,
It will shine some time; the clouds will roll away;
Since God hath need of thee.

Since He hath spared thee in this great world below,
There is somewhere some one
Who'll need thee some time; and yet thou may'st not
know
Until thy work is done.

The hours are golden! And ere the day declines
Thou should'st new life begin.
Improve each moment; and soon the sun will shine,
And joy will enter in.

INFATUATION.

"Only a face at the window!"
Why do I linger so long?
Why do I turn, with such rapture,
Away from the passing throng?

Only a glimpse of the picture,
And I leave the world behind,
Forgetting all in her beauty,
The fairest of womankind.

WHO IS YOUR FRIEND IN NEED?

When our sorrows confront us, and despair
Fills the place *hope* once made so bright
 In the heart,
There's naught in the world to give rest; e'en the friend
With whom we had shared all our joys
 Takes no part.

When the sky is all darkened, and the clouds
Roll near, and burst in their fury
 O'erhead,
There's no one at hand to speak peace; and the time
When we most need our Friend, we can see—
 Love is dead.

When the old purse is empty, and unrest
Fills the place in the heart where joy
 Did abound,
There's no one at hand to give aid; e'en the Friend
Whose sweet tale of love has grown old
 Can't be found.

CHARITY OR LOVE.

In Hope, we find great pleasure.
By Faith, we're led to see.
And Love—we cannot measure;
 'Tis greatest of the three.

From Faith and Hope we gather
Sweet comfort and great joy;
In loving one another—
Sweet peace, without alloy.

The three thus stand together,
Each one alike possessed
With interest for the other;
Sweet Charity—the best.

TO MY FRIENDS.

'Twas nine years ago, just about this time,
When life seemed fullest of joy,
The angel of death came again to our home
And all happiness did destroy.
Like a thief in the night he did rob me
Of the One I held most dear,
And left me alone in a cold, hard world,
With nothing of interest near.
God sent him, and I was forced to submit,
As many others have been,
When the struggle of life lay before them
And the battle yet to win.
Was it hard? Oh reader, think for yourself.
I couldn't explain, if I would.
But the same God who inflicted the wound,
I am told, "did it for good;"
To teach me a lesson I never would learn
While pleasure and hope filled my mind;
But in my great sorrow, I'd not fail to see
My duty to God and mankind.
Well, be that as it may. I started anew,
And took up the cross all alone,
With no hope, nor desire, nor ambition,
Except in my work, to atone
For duties neglected in all the glad years
Of prosperity and sweet rest;
No interest whatever, unless I might be
Of service to someone not blest
With the talent still mine; and in my despair
It seemed like a blessing indeed;
And the gift of imparting my knowledge
To others in this time of need
Was all that I hoped for, or feared in the least;
And the years just gone tell the tale.
The work I've accomplished, the work just begun,
The little that I have done well.

The result of my efforts is proven
In the work my pupils have done;
For with me they have struggled all these years,
And together success, we've won.
A band of dear little ones they are, indeed,
Who look for instruction to me
In the art I have studied, and taught them,
And their progress any may see.
To my pupils I've done well my duty.
Have I done as much for my Lord?
Have I gained, in my trials, a blessing?
We'll see when I get my reward.
The years have rolled on, and now,
As I speak in this general way
To my readers, and friends, of my efforts
To serve God and mankind each day,
I am doing my best; and should you desire
To peruse my book to the end,
'Twill give me great joy, since 'tis upon *you*,
For success, I largely depend.
My work isn't less because I'm not great,
And I simply ask you to do
As you would wish to be done by, my friends,
If I exchanged places with you.

WHAT IS YOUR BURDEN?

There's always a river to cross,
Always a burden to bear,
Some little grievance to worry.
If only—what we shall wear.
To woman this is a question
Important, all will agree,
Alike to the rich and the poor;
The difference—you can't see.
It matters not where she may live,
Indoors, or in open air,
There's a certain longing for "style,"
Something new wanted to wear.

WHAT HAS YOUR LIFE MADE OF YOU?

Could I live my life over, you ask me,
Would I make any change?
Have I learned from the world any lessons?
Oh yes! Does it seem strange?
Does it surprise you? Oh no, it cannot.
For you, too, must have seen
Some afflictions you might have avoided
If *wiser* you had been.

We sleep and dream
Of joys that seem
Too sweet almost for earth.
We live once more
The days of yore,
When life to us was worth
All we could give.

But when we wake,
And have to take
Our burdens up again,
We wonder why
Grief will not die,
And let us, without pain,
A new life live.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Close your eyes, my baby darling,
Mamma waits beside your bed,
While the daylight fades and droopens,
And the stars appear o'erhead.
Close your eyes, my baby darling,
Fold your arms across your breast;
Gently raise your voice to Heaven
And ask God to give you rest.

A SWEETHEART'S MESSAGE TO A LOVER LOST.

“So near, and yet
So far,” thou art;
I dwell through all the night and day, *alone*.
The whole thou’st given
Of thy great heart,
And all of mine received—yet not my own.

The light is fading from the western sky,
The sun is getting low.
I sit alone, and think of days gone by.
Why does my heart ache so?
Why do I dwell upon past joys and woes?
Why do I feel such pain?
The day of grief may end in sweet repose,
Bright hours may come again.

MY READERS:

In this collection, you will find
The titles I like best,
And grouped in one, I’ve called Sun-Beams,
And given to you to test.
The one upon the title page,
The lesson of advice—
Was chosen for your sake, and mine;
’Twas naughty, but ’twas nice.

The look of sympathy,
The gentle word,
Has oft to some sad heart
Sweet joy restored;
Sweet comfort, too, and peace.
If spoken well,
The good that it may do
No one can tell.

A DREAM.

I close my eyes, and live again
The dear, the good old days,
When I was but a little child,
Unmindful of my ways.
I think of childhood and of home,
Of loved ones always near,
Of life as it seemed to me then,
Of all I held most dear.
It all comes back to me to-night,
Though scattered far and wide—
Some in the east, some in the west,
Some on the other side.
It seems, indeed, just like a dream;
I waken with some pain;
But there is one hope left me still,
That we will meet again.
In God's own time, we all will go
Where death will come no more.
We'll live again, a better life,
Upon another shore.

ONE PARTING WORD.

It's naughty, but it's nice. Once more
I dwell upon the theme
That fills my soul, and prompted me
To make my *first Sunbeam*,
The first and last of all; and oh
It's naughty, but it's nice,
To fool the people in this way,
Though it be good advice.

Assuming you have read my book,
I will add here a line
Of thanks, and sometime hope that I
May with the "poets" shine.
Assuming, too, that you were pleased,
I add this little word
To make complete the little tale
In verse that you have heard.
I know I'm not a "Tennyson,"
Nor "Kipling," in my style,
But if I have, in my own way,
Amused you for a while
I shall indeed be truly pleased;
And if I should win fame,
'Twill be a day of gladness; and
With this, I sign my name.

CLARA HARWOOD.

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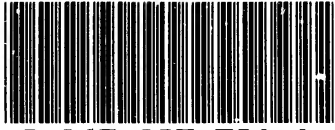
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